

A N
I M I T A T I O N
O F T H E
P R O P H E C Y of N E R E U S.

From H O R A C E Book I. Ode XV.

*Dicam insigne, recens, adhuc
Indictum ore alio. non secus in jugis
Exsomnis stupet Evias
Hebrum prospiciens, & nive candidam
Thracen, ac pede barbaro
Lustratam Rhodopen.----- H O R*

L O N D O N,
Printed for J. Roberts in Warwick-Lane. 1715.

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1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a general discussion of the problem of the origin of life. It is shown that the problem is one of the most important and interesting in the history of science.

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From H O R A C E *Book I. Ode XV.*

AS *Mar* his Round one Morning took,
(Whom some call Earl, and some call Duke)
And his new Brethren of the Blade,
Shiv'ring with Fear and Frost survey'd,
On *Perth's* bleak Hills he chanc'd to spy
An Aged Wizard six Foot high,
With bristled Hair, and Visage blighted,
Wall-ey'd, bare-haunch'd, and Second-fighted.

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The

The grizly Sage in Thought profound
 Beheld the Chief with Back so Round,
 Then roll'd his Eye-balls to and fro
 O'er his paternal Hills of Snow,
 And into these tremendous Speeches
 Broke forth the Prophet without Breeches.

Into what Ills betray'd, by Thee,
 This Auncient Kingdom do I see!
 Her Realms un-peopled and forlorn!
 Wae's me! that ever thou wert born!
 Proud *English* Loons (our Clans o'ercome)
 On *Scottish* Pads shall amble home;
 I see them drest in Bonnets blue,
 (The Spoils of thy rebellious Crew)
 I see the Target, cast away,
 And chequer'd Plad become their Prey,
 The chequer'd Plad to make a Gown
 For many a Lass in *London* Town.

In vain thy hungry Mountaineers
 Come forth in all their warlike Geers,

The

The Shield, the Pistol, Durk, and Dagger,
 In which they daily wont to swagger,
 And oft have fally'd out to pillage
 The Hen-roosts of some peaceful Village,
 Or, while their Neighbours were asleep,
 Have carry'd off a Low-land Sheep.

What boots thy high-born Host of Beggars,
Mac-leans, *Mac-kenzies*, and *Mac-gregors*,
 With Popish Cut-throats, perjur'd Ruffians,
 And *Forster's* Troop of Raggamuffins?

In vain thy Lads around thee bandy,
 Inflam'd with Bag-pipe and with Brandy.
 Doth not bold *Sutherland* the trusty,
 With Heart so true, and Voice so rusty,
 (A loyal Soul) thy Troops affright,
 While hoarsely he demands the Fight?
 Do'st thou not gen'rous *Ilay* dread,
 The bravest Hand, the wisest Head?
 Undaunted do'st thou hear th' Alarms
 Of hoary *Athole* sheath'd in Arms?

Douglas, who draws his Lineage down
 From Thanes and Peers of high Renown,
 Fiery, and young, and un-control'd.
 With Knights, and Squires, and Barons bold,
 (His noble Household-Band) advances,
 And on his Milk-white Courser prances.
 Thee *Forfar* to the Combat dares,
 Grown swarthy in *Iberian* Wars:
 And *Monroe* kindled into Rage
 Sow'rly defies thee to engage;
 He'll rout thy Foot, though ne'er so many,
 And Horse to boot---if thou had'st any.

But see *Argyle* with watchful Eyes,
 Lodg'd in his deep Intrenchment lies,
 Couch'd like a Lion in thy way,
 He waits to spring upon his Prey;
 While like a Herd of tim'rous Deer
 Thy Army shakes and pants with Fear,
 Led, by their doughty Gen'ral's Skill,
 From Frith to Frith, from Hill to Hill.

Is thus thy haughty Promise pay'd
 That to the *Chevalier* was made,
 When thou didst Oaths and Duty barter,
 For Dukedom, Gen'ralship, and Garter?
 Three Moons thy *Jemmy* shall command,
 With Highland Scepter in his Hand,
 Too good for his Pretended Birth.
 ----Then down shall fall the King of *Perth*.

'Tis so decreed: for *GEORGE* shall Reign,
 And Traitors be forsworn in vain.
 Heav'n shall for ever on him smile,
 And bless him still with an *Argyle*.
 While Thou, pursu'd by vengeful Foes,
 Condemn'd to barren Rocks and Snows,
 And hinder'd passing *Inverlocky*,
 Shalt burn thy Clan, and curse poor *Jocke*.

F I N I S

Is thus thy hungry Pleading
That to the Chamber was made
When thou didst Oaths and Duty
For Dukedom, Gentility and Garter
Three Moons thy Jaws shall command
With Highland Reptiles in his hand
Too good for his Pretended Birth
Then down shall fall the King of Parth.

It is decreed: for GEORGE shall reign
And Traitors be forsworn in vain
Heav'n shall for ever on him smile
And bless him still with an Angel
While Thou, pursu'd by vengeful Hosts
Condemn'd to barren Rocks and Snows
And hinder'd passing Mountains
Shalt burn thy Clan, and curse poor Jack.

F I N I S